



The Landing at Gaba Tepe

AND OTHER POEMS



J. H. Hornibrook

BY

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(3 Years Service)

PRIVATE J. RYAN,

(283 Days Service)

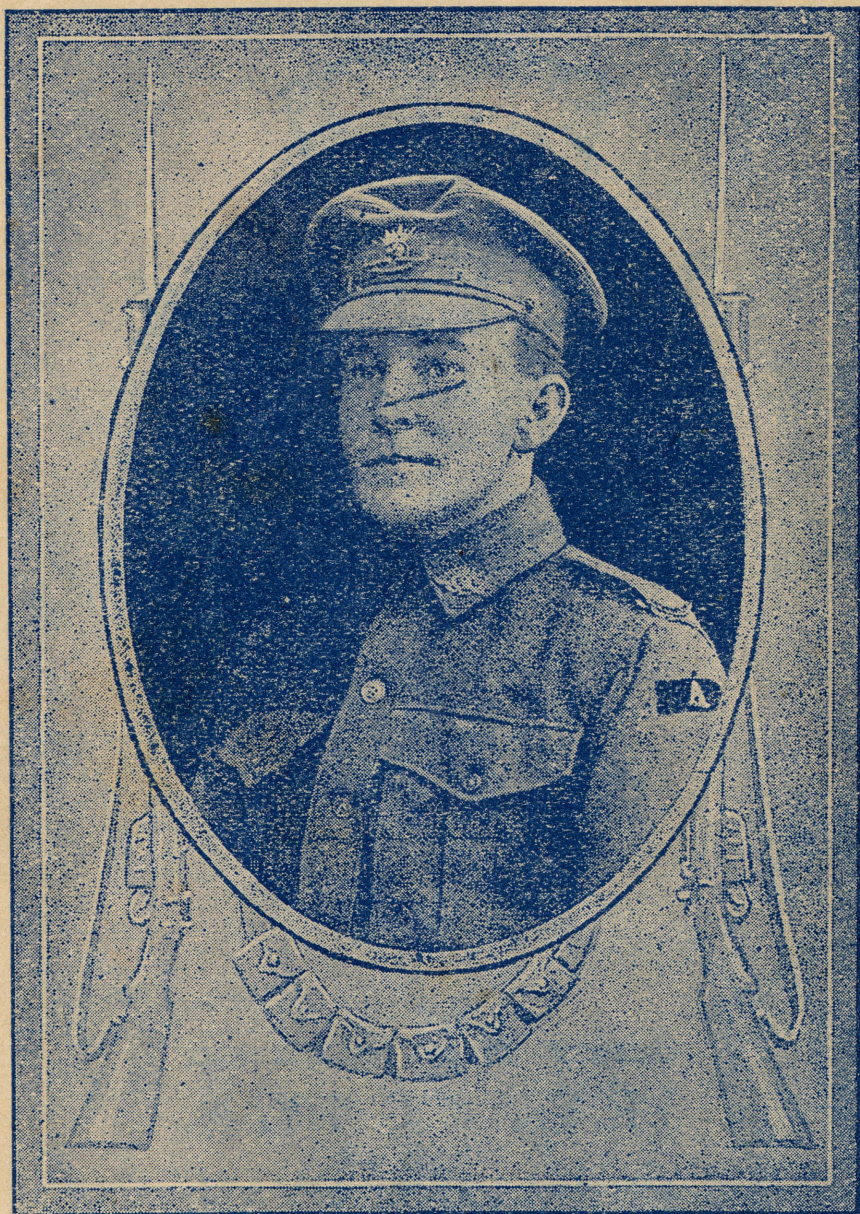
IN THE GREAT EUROPEAN WAR
1914 ————— 1918

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Private J. RYAN.





THE LANDING.

You may talk of Balaclava,
And of Trafalgar Day;
But what about our gallant Australians
That landed at Suvla Bay?

There were Turks along the hillsides,
Our boats they were trying to smash;
Till our Monitors came in action,
To make the final dash.

I've been asked to describe a battle,
Which our memory always will keep;
To our Boys it was a great victory—
The landing at Gaba Tepe.

On the 25th morning of April,
Sunday, I know, was the day;
So now to describe to you plainly,
'Twas our Grand Fleet led the way.

The order is given, "All Ready!"
In lifeboats we all disembark,
To take part in this awful battle,
And play such a wonderful part.

It was only a partial Division,
Some had seen service before,
In bringing to a final decision,
An affray on a Turkish shore.

Of Australians there were not many,
Still other Brigades were at hand;
But the gallant old Third boys were chosen
To make the dread trial to land.

They only numbered Four Thousand,
The cream of Australia's flock;
And gallantly they marched into action,
A chip off the old British block.

Next came the First and Second,
The Fourth and one heavy gun;
When hard pressed, the New Zealanders
Came up to help finish the fun.

With assistance from more of our Navy,
 And boat loads of Troops, Khaki Clad;
 We all started off gay and hearty
 Not one lad fainthearted, but glad.

Then, to the small boats that were landing,
 Came the furious bursting of shells;
 There were hundreds of wounded and dying
 And many were drowning as well.

But on, on they came through the waters,
 Eager and mad for a fight;
 Each lad knew it would be slaughter,
 But a contest for a cause and a right.

At last we effected a landing,
 But thousands lay wounded and dead;
 All that remained were a handful,
 To the Germans and Turks up ahead.

But our lads took all before them,
 With rifle and bayonet in hand;
 They drove every Turk in disorder,
 Far back in his own native land.

Positions and trenches seemed hopeless,
 For inch after inch they were mined;
 Still gallant Australians and English
 Left none of their courage behind.

Over mined trenches and dug-outs,
 Onward we dashed without fear;
 Forcing those Turks to surrender,
 And shouting with cheer after cheer.

But after shelling and firing a village,
 Came an order "Retire into Line,"
 And the sight our eyes saw at the finish
 Until death, will never leave mine.

AUSTRALIANS.

(Written after hearing a wealthy merchant speak
 disparagingly of Australians.)
 "We are not cotton-spinners all, but some love
 England and her honour yet."

We stand on the shore of Durban,
 And watch the transports go
 To England from Australia,
 Hurrying to and fro,
 Bearing the men of a nation—
 Who are heroes to the core—

To stand or fall by the motherland,
And they're sending thousands more!

We've watched the ships returning
With the cripple and the maim
With limbs that trail and falter—
Their's an immortal name.
The deathless name of "Anzac,"
That thrills from Pole to Pole,
The remnants of the heroes
On the long and glorious Roll.

And now in their tens of hundreds
Come the men to fill their ranks,
And what can we do to show them
Our love, our pride, our thanks?
We can't do much (I own it),
But give them a passing cheer—
While the real elite beat a shocked retreat—
Why, they saw one drinking beer!

O God, could we show these misers
The path that the Anzacs went!
Could they rest in their beds at night-time?
Or live in their damned content?
Could they talk with a sneer of Australians
When one or two get drunk?
I'd rather a drunk Australian
Than a wealthy Durban funk!

He's a better man than you are,
You dear teetotal saint!
You do not drink—you will not fight!
What wonderful restraint.
We stand on the shore of Durban,
For we're not all made like you,
And the glorious name of "Anzac"
Thrills us thro' and thro'.

But all we can do is to cheer them,
And throw them an orange from the shore,
We're not millionaires, like some are,
Or perhaps we would try to do more.
They're coming in tens of thousands,
And here's to their honour to-day—
Here's to the Sister Dominion
Who is showing us the way!

—By E.M.C., A South African.

JIM.

We were mates were Jim and I
Mates right from the start,
From when we went to camp together,
Until he fell shot through the heart.

We joined the same Battalion,
We trained at Seymour Camp;
And many the weary mile we marched,
Through mud, and snow, and damp.

We had finished up our training,
And were ordered to the front,
To join the boys out here in France,
And help to bear the brunt.

We were sitting in our dug-out,
A' yarning of olden times,
When the order came to "Stand to,"
We were wanted down the lines.

At last the scrap was over,
Just a scrimmage that was all,
We never even stopped one,
Though we saw others round us fall.

We were sitting in a dug-out,
Just a hole dug in the ground,
With a roof made out of sandbags,
To keep the bullets off, flying round.

It was one morning in December,
We were fighting in the snow,
And it wasn't the kind of fighting
That you see in the picture show.

We were sitting in a shell hole,
Out there in "No Man's Land,"
Waiting for the signal to go
At 'em man for man.

We hopped in his front line trenches,
And were bombing side by side,
When a sniper's bullet copped him,
That's how my cobber died.

He was just a rough Australian,
One the "Frenchies" call "Tres bon"
And I miss him something awful,
And I'm lonely now he's gone.

Although I'm badly wounded,
 Perhaps I'll fight no more,
 We've done our best together,
 Good-bye, Jimmy, "Au Revoir."

LEAVE!

A wandering thought, a tender heart,
 Is that which gives the pain,
 As duty calls a life abroad
 To baffle wind and rain.

Yes, here in France we'll have to stay,
 We mean to stay, that's more;
 Unless the Huns will meet our views,
 And all our rights restore.

For months we've toiled and still go on,
 And wonder all the while,
 When can we tread the muddy road,
 That carries, "Yes" a smile.

At last the message comes along,
 Imagine our delight,
 To think at last we're homeward bound,
 A refuge in our plight.

We pack our relics safe and sound,
 And swing along with glee,
 To catch the first train of the night
 That takes us to the sea.

We're off, it matters not how long,
 Before the journey back;
 We nestle in the carriage,
 Of the big smoke on the track.

It crawls through space towards the sea,
 It fails to know our need
 To get away from Flanders,
 For a week at lightning speed.

The engines speak, we glide along,
 With God's good luck and speed.
 We place a life-belt round our waist,
 In case of any need.

Then shortly after the haze appears,
 What can it really be?
 A steep incline of whiteness
 With its face towards the sea.

Eight days of peace and gladness,
 Eight days of joy and bliss;
 How sweet to see one's parents,
 And to feel their "good-night kiss."

No shells are bursting round us,
 Our ears hear not the guns;
 And thanks to England's navy,
 We need not fear the Huns.

A SOLDIER'S FAREWELL.

Farewell, dear Australia, the land of our birth;
 Farewell to the loved ones, our homes and our
 hearth;
 No more the sweet wattle, all laden with gold,
 For one glimpse of its beauty we'd love to
 behold.

Now sails the big transport far over the sea,
 Three cheers for Australia, the land of the
 free;
 If ever we return to your bright, sunny shore,
 It will be when our fighting is needed no more.

Farewell, dear Australia, it may be for a while,
 it may be for ever, our dear sunny isle;
 No matter, our loved land, wherever we be,
 We'll fight for you, honour and liberty.

Then cheer for us, pray for us, help us to win,
 For our home and our country, for kith and
 for kin;
 Good-bye, dear Australia, until we return
 To the land of the emu, the wattle and the
 fern.

MOTHER, WE MEET AGAIN.

Why are you sad, dear mother?
 Ah, why should you worried be?
 The same blessed Providence, mother,
 Is ever watching over me.

Think of these words, dear mother,
 Hope is my guiding star;
 Claim it as yours, dear mother,
 Whilst I am from you far.

My thoughts are ever turning,
 To you they seem to roam;
 And my heart is ever yearning
 For the quiet scenes of home.

Tho' on a field of battle,
 Do you think I once forget
 The sun bird and the wattle,
 Memories that cheer me yet.

I fancy thou art near me;
 And I often breathe a sigh;
 When a comrade scarce can hear me,
 And the winds alone reply.

Oft do my home thoughts wander
 Over the restless main;
 And in your ear I whisper,
 Mother, meet me again.

THE PARTING.

Dear little love, don't fret,
 'Tis best that I should go,
 At the Empire's call,
 To stand or fall,
 Against this treacherous foe;
 You know I shan't forget,
 So, dear little love, don't fret.

Dear little eyes, don't weep,
 It fills my soul with pain
 To see you cry,
 For look, the sky
 Has a rainbow in the rain,
 And death is only sleep,
 So dear little eyes, don't weep.

Dear little heart, don't break,
 For should the fates decree
 That I no more
 See Australia's shore,
 Then truly say to me,
 I died for England's sake,
 So, dear little heart, don't break.

ANZACS.

What mean these great white ships at sea,
 Ploughing their Eastward tack,
 Bearing their mangled human freight,
 Bringing the spent men back;

They mean that Australia has been there,
 They mean she has played the game,
 And her wonderful sons have won their share
 Of everlasting fame.

Battered and worn and war-scarred—
 Those who had left their land
 Strong in their glowing manhood,
 By England to take their stand.
 Those who had sailed, when the war cloud
 burst
 Out on a distant foam.
 To the tune of "Australia will be there"—
 Thus are they coming home!

What mean these absent numbers,
 The gaps in the stricken line?
 You will find the graves which tell you
 On the trail by Lonesome Pine.
 On the slope of Aki Baba,
 On Kaja Chemen's brow,
 They died the death of heroes,
 As Australia's sons know how.

Eager for battle they leapt ashore
 At the cove where their name was won,
 They stormed the cliffs of Sari Bair,
 Where the death trap gullies run;
 In the lead-rent scrub by Krithia,
 On the banks of the Kereves Dere,
 High on the shell-swept ridges—
 Australia has been there!

There is silence on the beaches now,
 The battle-din has fled
 From the gullies, cliffs, and ridges
 Where they charged up, fought and bled
 There's a little cove that's sacred—
 North of Gaba Tepe Hill—
 To the glory of the men who died,
 And a name that never will!

And now on the fields of Flanders,
 'Tis eternised once more,
 At Polzgon Wood and Broodseinde,
 At Pozieres, Armentieres, Messines,
 Bapaume and Bullecourt,
 By the frozen Somme and Aisne,
 In the snow-clad front line trenches—
 Australia is there again.

There are great white vessels sailing,
 And they bear the joy and pain,
 And the glory of Australia's sons
 Who have not bled in vain;
 Tho' crippled, helpless, maimed for life,
 Tho' more than death their loss,
 There is more than life in the glory,
 Of the burden of their cross.

Greater than jewel-decked Emperor,
 Greater than ermined King,
 Clad in their faded suits of blue,
 The men that the white ships bring,
 What tho' their crown a bandage,
 Stretcher or cot their throne;
 Splints or a crutch their sceptre—
 The ANZAC name is their own!

A SOLDIER'S DREAM OF HOME.

On a shattered field of battle,
 By a camp-fire gleaming bright;
 There a soldier boy lies dreaming
 Of his home sweet home to-night.

He can see the blue-ridged mountains
 Of Australia's sunny shore;
 He can see the golden wattle
 Blooming by the old home door.

He can hear the bush-bird singing,
 Oh, how happy there he seems;
 Tho' on a field of battle,
 At home in a land of dreams.

All the world's in bloom before him,
 Not a vision of cruel War;
 All are scenes of peace and gladness
 As they were to him before.

As he dreams of his dear mother,
 Tho' so far across the main;
 In his dream he softly murmurs,
 I am with you once again.

That sweet dream of home is over,
 He has bid them all good-bye;
 As again he slowly wakens,
 From his heart there comes a sigh.

For the scenes he loved have left him—
 They are fading o'er the foam;
 Just a dream of tender memories,
 That's a soldier's dream of home.

THE BOY WHO WENT AWAY.

There's a mother somewhere thinking,
 Thinking of her son to-day;
 Whilst for us he's bravely fighting,
 In the thickest of the fray.
 How her heart fills up with sorrow
 As the postman leaves the gate,
 Knowing not what's in the letter—
 Be it glad news or be it fate.

On her careworn brow there's sorrow,
 It has claimed its resting place;
 Where red roses once were blooming
 On her kind and gentle face.
 As she kneels alone in silence,
 Just to lisp a fervent prayer,
 That God on high may shield her son
 On a battlefield somewhere.

Oft in fancy there she sees him,
 Through each sad and lonely day,
 As he was when just a baby,
 Nestling by her side to play;
 But it's just the cause of fancy,
 For we know that he's not there;
 When the brave are fiercely fighting,
 He has gone to do his share.

With the heart's love of their country,
 Victory glowing on each face;
 Like this boy who left his mother,
 Other mother's sons you'll trace,
 From death's ranks muffled war drums
 He'll come marching home some day,
 When you're not the slightest thinking
 Of the boy who went away.

DOWN IN OUR ZETOUN CAMP.

Moy be sung to the Air of "Tennessee."
 I'm so lonely, Oh so lonely,
 In our Zetoun Camp;
 Not worth a penny stamp,
 I'm worse off than a tramp;
 Father, Mother, Sister, Brother,
 All are waiting me,
 I'm getting thinner, miss my dinner,
 And my Sunday's tea.

[Chorus]

Down in our Zetoun Camp
 That's where we get the cramp
 Through sleeping in the damp,
 We're not allowed a lamp;
 All we can hear there each day
 Is left! right! all the way,
 Sergeants calling, Lance Jacks bawling
 Get out on Parade;
 We go to bed at night
 You ought to see the sight,
 The earwigs on the floors
 All night are forming fours;
 If we're in bed in the morning
 You will hear the Sergeant bawling:
 Show a leg there! show a leg there!
 Way down in Zetoun Camp.

GONE—BUT NOT FORGOTTEN.

Your Australian Sons are sleeping, far over in a
 lonely land,
 They did their best along with the rest, and
 that's how they died and fell.
 They showed the world Australia's lads knew well
 the way to die;
 And they sleep there, and they sleep there, quiet
 where they lie.

Shrapnel Gully is on their left; Quinn's Post is on
 their right,
 Anzac Beach is at their feet, where the waves sing
 day and night,
 Around, the sea and barren land, over them the
 sky;
 For we left them, for we left them, sleeping where
 they lie.

The wild flowers bloom around their graves;
 The sad sea breeze that blows,
 Sings, "Never a coward came from the land,
 Where the golden wattle grows."

FROM SHOVEL TO SAM BROWNE.

Should you be lazy, dull and slow, and dopey
 as a mule,
 You'd be like X, whose troopmates swore he
 was a perfect fool;
 But 'fluence aids commissions, a traditional
 army rule,
 X soon was swanking with a "star" slung at
 him—Zeitoun School.

Promotion in the A.I.F.—that makes the
 troopers smile,
 Here's further information how X rose in rapid
 style;
 This "one-star" leader of —— troop lacked
 strategy and wile,
 And in civilian life at business failed to make
 his pile.

At blanky blank for leading men he won his
 "second star,"
 X wasn't on this "stunt" at all; but, further
 back by far,
 Mugging some red-lipped "Hebe," behind a
 Cairo bar!
 Shows dizzy heights are oft attained in some
 hired motor car.

Whilst squadron leader X got slewed, his troops
 led "bush" one night,
 He wandered round in circles (this just
 whisper—X was Tight)—
 But as no casualties occurred, H.Q. said such
 foresight
 Deserved recognition—gave X captain's rank
 and right.

"Square Dink"! promotions come so fast,
amongst ourselves we laugh,
For further laurels X has won, the subject of
much chaff;
Gained on some "Demonstration Stunt," where
brains X left quite half,
So red tabs now and crown X wears, he's
Majah on the Staff!

THE "POISONER'S" M.M.

A "poisoner" won the M.M., true!
Just pull the other leg, "Dig," do!
"Too right," cook "Greasy Jack" looks proud,
And sports a decoration loud.
He won his honor dinkum fair,
His offsidars and troopmates swear,
Don't "wake him up" with statements rash,
You know when roused he's fond of "lash."

— Troop missed this last "stunt," you know,
Detailed, on prisoner escort go,
The lucky "cows" stoush seldom get,
They camped near Rewchon through the wet.
Last April tenth, when "Jacko" shelled,
Remember?—we "the Pimple" held;
H.Q. since "issued" out a few,
"Troop decorations," like they do.

One went of course for work that day
To Greasy's troop, who missed the fray;
As none had deeds of valour done,
Moot question, who the bauble won.
Their sergeant said, decide they must,
Knew their decision he could trust;
For sergeants their three chevrons keep,
By details oft not probing deep.

Well, "Dig," of course they got the "dice,"
Spun who should wear the ribbon "quies";
Old Greasy threw eighteen (the main),
He "headed" all his mates, that's plain.
So now he elevates his chest,
And wears a ribbon on his breast,
For that's how "Greasy" won the fame
Of M.M. tacked on to his name!

IN APPRECIATION.

Dear stranger, I've read your grand verses,
With brave and true heart shining forth;
And whatever the trials or reverses,
How grandly you noble men fought.

The landing amid the shells falling,
While comrades drop dying or drowned;
How can I suppress this sad feeling,
Or hide a sad heart with a frown?

With numbers decreasing you press on,
And firmly stood to your guns;
Can I find any words to express
Our pride in Australia's brave sons?

Ah, yes, it was grand, and we know it,
True metal showed forth in you all;
You went without coaxing or conscrip,
And answered your Country's first call.

I called you a stranger, but surely
I'm entitled to call you a friend!
For did you not go forth so truly,
And offer your life to defend?

Oh, would there were more men just like you,
As brave, as bold and as true;
To help our tired men in the trenches,
Carry this great struggle through.



G. POE

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